

Kill The Titan, Save The World

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Kill The Titan, Save The World

by [Redwarrior2003](#)

Summary

"Family, Luke. You promised"

A promise he broke.

A hero's soul, cursed blade shall reap

A blade he gifted a young girl to protect herself.

The dread settles in the pit of his stomach.

He's the hero.

He wanted to destroy them.

That would have lead to more death, more destruction, more demigods dying for worthless reasons.

Now he's their saviour. He has a chance-

Luke's Death scene from The last Olympian written in his perspective. Because the original wasn't heartbreaking enough.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“ Family, Luke. You promised”

Annabeth.

Luke can feel himself withering away as the powerful titan tries to overwhelm him but he hangs on desperately. His body is burning from the inside, he can feel it, the heat slowly bubbling through him. Seeping through his skin.

“ Promise.”, it’s his voice that speaks. Small and anguished.

Memories flash through his mind, Thalia, Annabeth, run, run, don’t look back, monsters, *oh gods*, there was so many monsters, Thalia was like a magnet, she died and came back, she kicked him, the wounds were well beyond physical, he never believed in heartbreak but that crushed his *soul*. Despite the desperation, those days were the better days for him, When his world revolved around keeping two girls safe and reaching the haven called Camp Half-Blood. Now the world is evil, full of flaws, he is on a path to destroy it-

NO

He cuts off the intruding thought, refusing to be invaded again.

“ Annabeth.”, He gasps as Kronos tries to seize his breathing, the voice bellows in his mind, he feels his rage, seething, merciless and momentarily his vision, the world burning, the screams of the dying and Kronos’s booming laughter as he watches. But that doesn’t matter now because it doesn’t matter what side he’s on, he stumbles forward “ You’re bleeding.”

It doesn’t matter because he *can’t* hurt her.

She has a storm of emotion in her eyes, but one he notices is sympathy, in the furrow of her brows, the thin line of her lips and it baffles him, why would a hurt, dying teenager, feel bad for him?

A hero’s soul, cursed blade shall reap.

The blade that was given with a promise.

Family, Luke. You promised

A promise he broke.

The dread settles in the pit of his stomach.

He's the hero.

He hears Annabeth say something to Percy.

The knife. The knife that he gave to her when she was a kid, when Thalia was still a friend, the knife that she cherished to this day.

He almost laughs at the irony, at the new waves of bitterness that Kronos forces over him.

He wanted to destroy them.

Percy looks cautious and Luke wonders how he ever agreed to hurt him. The loyal, strong boy that had his doubts but still remained a good person. He couldn't say the same about himself. He steps towards Annabeth, his friend, his family. His heart twists, could he have ever killed her? The others were faces he didn't know but he still killed them, how many deaths did it take for him to come to his senses? Kronos wouldn't have saved them, he would have become the new tyrant.

More death, more destruction, more demigods dying for worthless reasons.

Now he's their saviour. He has a chance-

Backbiter is knocked out of his hands and Kronos pushes through him.

"Don't touch her.", the small boy stands in front of her foolishly.

"JACKSON-", the booming voice erupts through his throat but he forces it back down, tears form in his eyes.

He can feel it, the power, the ruthless rage, all the diabolical intentions run through his head.

Kill the gods.

Rule over the world.

"He's changing. Help. He's...he's almost ready. He won't need my body anymore. Please-"

"NO!", Kronos pushes Percy to the ground, eyes desperately scanning for his weapon and Luke is caged again, in his own body, begging, desperate, this can't be how it ends, he can't fail, not now. *Oh gods* not now, he's so close, too close to give up.

Kill the titan.

Save the world.

Kronos picks up his burning blade and hollers in pain.

Luke collapses, grips his burning hand, the skin is mangled and it hurts, everything hurts, his head feels like it's going to split in two.

“ Please Percy-“, he sputters, not having the the strength for any more words.

He sees the doubt flash in Percy's eyes.

“ You can't...can't do it yourself. He'll break my control. He'll defend himself. Only my hand. I know where. I can...keep him controlled.”, His body feels like a volcano that's about to burst, it sizzles and he can see the smoke rising off him and he struggles, as the walls of certain death close in around him, as the Fates' scissors hover over his string, he struggles to do something good, to keep the one promise he always wanted to.

Percy raises the knife a look of desperation in his eyes but then he looks at Annabeth, his features twist into doubt, into understanding.

Luke is going to shatter, he can feel the white hot energy burning everything.

“Please.”, he groans as a new wave of pain washes over him, “ No time.”

A hero's soul, cursed blade shall reap.

Percy holds out the knife.

He would have smiled if he wasn't in so much pain.

He made a promise and for the most part, he broke it.

He unlatches the side straps of his armour.

His hand trembles as he holds the knife over the spot.

Kronos yells in his head. Reminds him what his purpose is, that the gods never did him any good but he doesn't care about the gods, he cares about a girl he vowed to protect, a boy he taught to fight and a Satyr who never gave up hope.

His life flashes before his eyes, Thalia, Annabeth, his real family, all the demigods that he killed when they never wished to harm him, they looked up to him, they deserved better. He became like the Gods he despised, causing so much destruction, so much death, interfering in their lives in such a manner that they couldn't know peace again. He thought he was fighting for them, he tried so hard but gods and titans can't change the world, people can, half bloods, with their sheer will, their unity. Their struggle, their strength, that's something the entities could never understand.

He grits his teeth.

Closes his eyes.

His heart beats hard against his ribs

I'm sorry

He doesn't know exactly who he's apologizing to but many faces flash through his memories. A teacher who believed in him, a camp full of children who he once led, A one eyed boy who realized his mistake and because of him, ended up dead, a mother who will surely wait for him forever, a boy who was suppose to be the hero, a girl who died to protect him and in turn he harmed her and a daughter of wisdom who he'll always love. All the lifeless bodies of children mauled by war.

He pushes the knife past his skin.

A yell rips through his throat. The full force of the titan leaves him in a powerful blast that shakes his entire being, every muscle, every patch of skin, his vision blanks as the world tilts to one side.

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His life pools out of him, his body throbs but somehow he's still conscious, " Good...blade."

He did it.

Annabeth has tears in her eyes.

He's no hero.

" You know I almost killed you but you knew-"

No deed could make him a hero, too much death, too much destruction, too much loss.

“ Shhh. ”, her voice trembles, “ you were a hero at the end, Luke. You’ll go to Esylum.”

Luke shakes his head, “ Think...rebirth. Try for three times. Isles Of The Blessed.”

*Redeem myself.*

*Live without a chip in my shoulder.*

*Without a grudge against the world.*

*Without blood on my hands.*

“ You always pushed yourself too hard.”

*Learn to laugh, to love, to see the good things in the world.*

*To live a normal life and die old.*

*To be a mortal, one without any gods, who’s life revolves around the small struggles, a job, a wife, maybe a child.*

He holds up his hand, her fingertips touch his, he wants to hold her hand but somewhere along the way he lost that right.

“ Did you-“, he coughs, blood drips out of his lips, “ Did you love me?”

Annabeth wipes away her tears, “ Well there was a time, I thought... Well I thought-“, then she looks at Percy and it clicks in Luke’s head, he feels relief, he has a feeling Percy will take care of her. Better than he ever could.

“ You were like a brother to me Luke. ”, she says gently, “ But I didn’t love you.”

*Thought so, he winces as his body throbs.*

He loved her like a sister, he protected her, if he would have lived he always would. He wanted her on his side and now he feels grateful that she didn’t agree, she would have died too and he never would have forgiven himself.

“ We can get Ambrosia,” Grover interrupts “ , We can-“

He wants to apologize, too many faces, too many moments that clench his heart, wring his resolve.

Too much pain, too much regret, he realized all this too late.

Because his job is done, the titan is dead, his time is up.

“ Grover,” , he gulps as his voice begins to leave him, “ You’re the bravest satyr I ever knew... But no there’s no healing-“, another cough retches through him, causing a spike of pain in his failing lungs.

With a surge of strength that even Luke can’t comprehend, he grips Percy’s sleeve. His arm trembles, he wanted change, he’s seen enough death, he’s seen enough cruelty from the gods, if he’s going to die, he doesn’t want to be another in the line of many heroes who’s death was worthless. He saw the spark in Percy’s eyes, the anger, the want that he had in his own, “Ethan. Me. All the unclaimed. Don’t let it, don’t let it happen again.”

“ I won’t.”, determination flashes in the sea green eyes, “I promise.”

Luke nods, his remaining resolve disappearing.

The darkness that danced around the edges of his vision closes in.

The last bit of life drips out of him.

## End Notes

Hi Guys! It's been a while since I uploaded anything hasn't it? I wanted to make this about diving into Luke's thought process and eventual redemption. I always thought he was a fascinating character, you never could really put him on one side of the spectrum. I also thought that I couldn't really say that his allegations and grudge against the gods was wrong but his execution on his thoughts was.

I hope you enjoyed reading this! Comments and Kudos are appreciated.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!